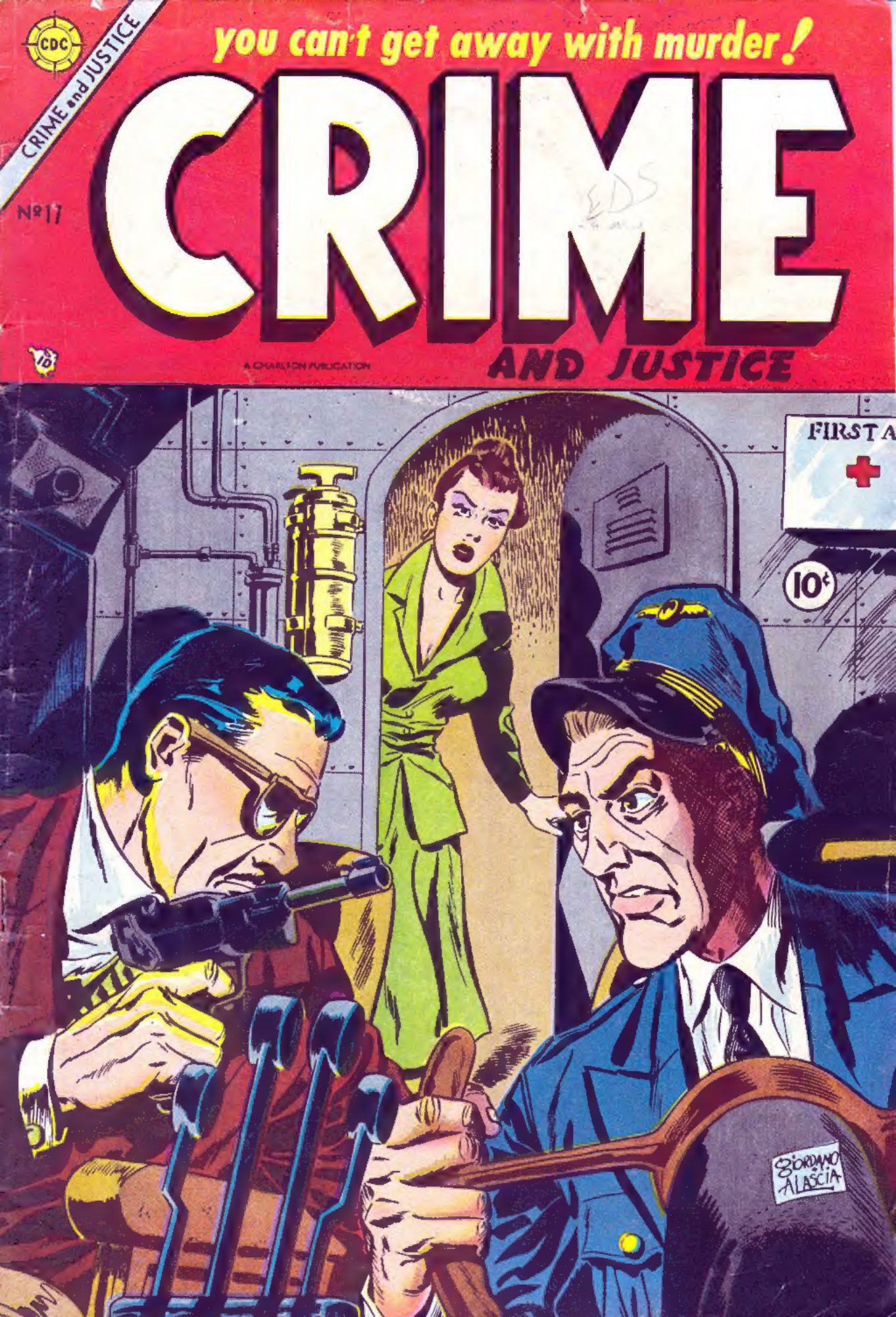
you can't get away with murder!
CRIME
AND JUSTICE
CRIME and JUSTICE
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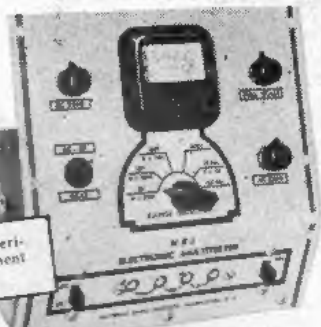

J. E. Smith has trained more men for Radio-TV than any other man

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TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Over 15 million TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized. This means more jobs, good pay jobs with bright futures. Now is the time to get ready for success in TV. Find out what Radio-Television offers you. Mail coupon now for my 2 Books FREE!

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CRIME AND JUSTICE Volume 1, Number 17 February, 1954
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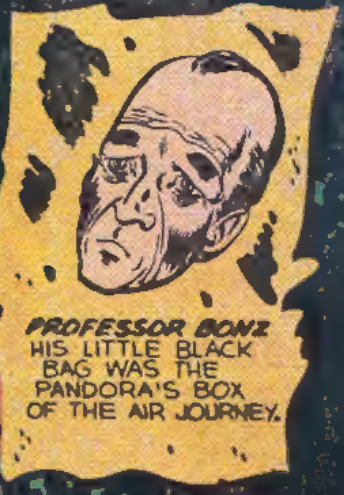
IN THE LAST ISSUE OF CRIME & JUSTICE, MERRY AND CURTIS CHASE HAD BEEN ON A PACIFIC CRUISE WHICH WAS ANYTHING BUT A RESTFUL VACATION. THEY ASKED TO BE PUT ASHORE.. THE NEAREST PORT BEING ARICA ON THE COAST OF CHILE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

HERE BEGINS ANOTHER LES OF A MR. & MRS. CHASE TRIP INTO ADVENTURE, SUSPENSE AND MURDER, IN THE JUNGLES OF...

THE MATTO GROSSO

CAPTAIN HANSEN PILOT OF THE ILL-FATED AIRLINER.

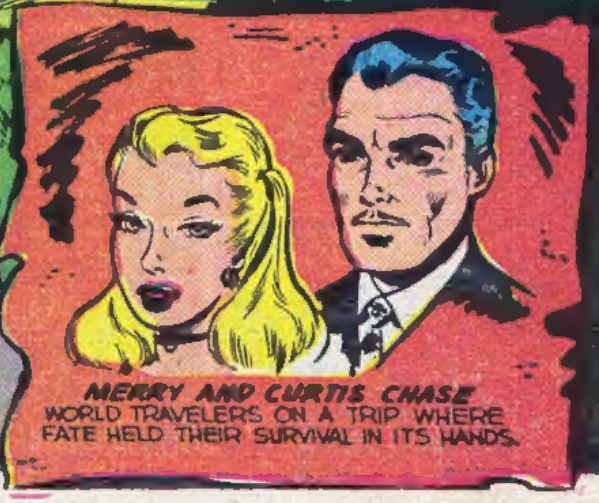
KALE WHAT WAS ONE MURDER MORE OR LESS IF THE REWARDS WERE WORTH IT?



PROFESSOR BONZ HIS LITTLE BLACK BAG WAS THE PANDORA'S BOX OF THE AIR JOURNEY.

LOU MORALES

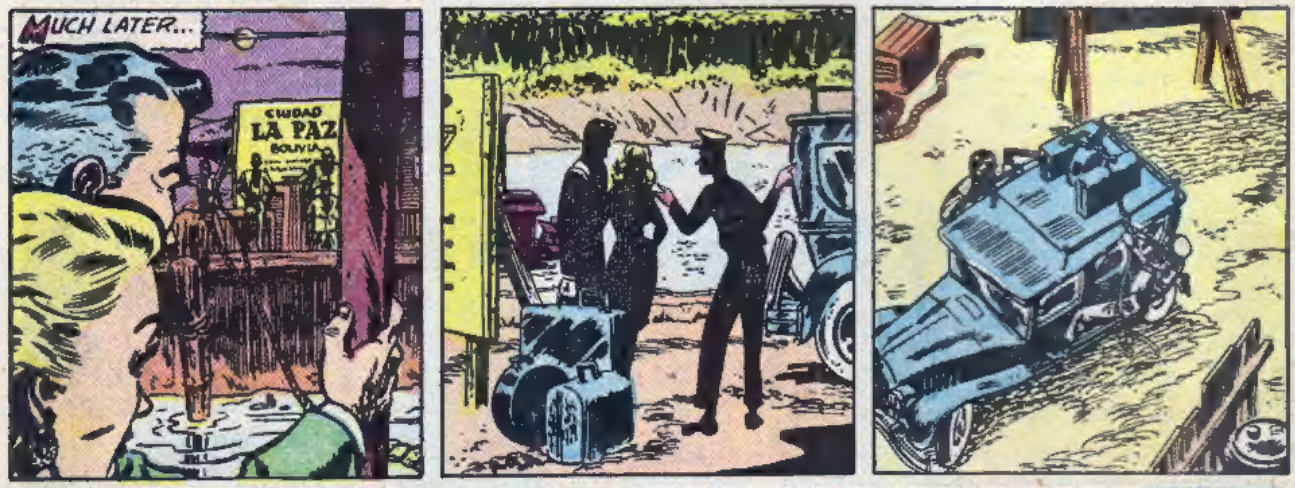
OLGA A REAL SWEET KID... WHEN SHE WASN'T HANDLING A KNIFE OR A GUN!

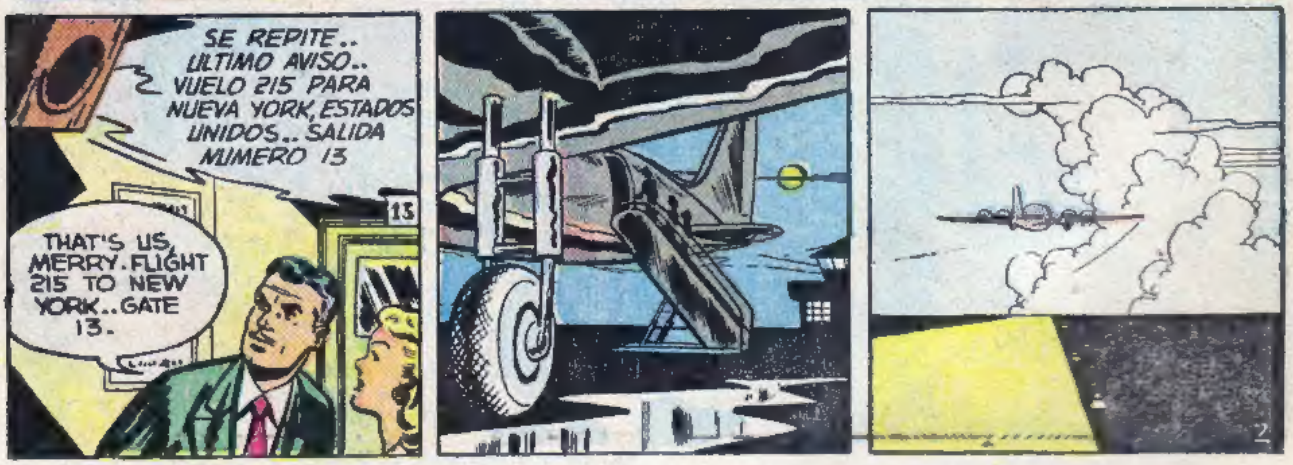


MERRY AND CURTIS CHASE WORLD TRAVELERS ON A TRIP WHERE FATE HELD THEIR SURVIVAL IN ITS HANDS.

CRIME AND JUSTICE

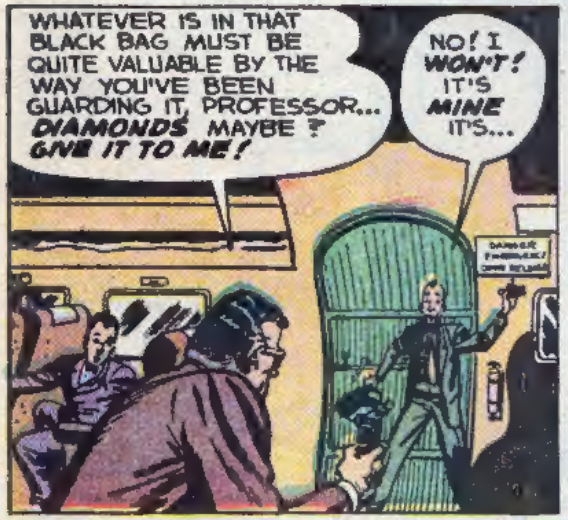
LOCALE: ARICA, CHILE
THE NEAREST AIRPORT IS IN LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, MERRY. THE RAINS HAVE WASHED OUT THE RAILWAY BRIDGES SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE TRIP BY RIVER BOAT. C'MON, WE'LL JUST MAKE IT.
OH, HOW EXCITING! WE JUST GOT OFF ONE BOAT AND WE'RE GOING ON ANOTHER! BRO-THER!

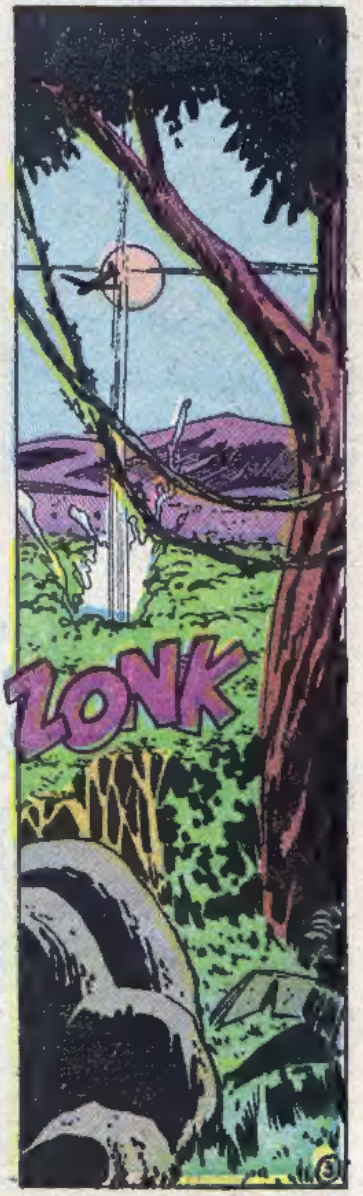



SE REPITE.. ULTIMO AVISO.. VUELO 215 PARA NUEVA YORK, ESTADOS UNIDOS.. SALIDA NUMERO 13
13
THAT'S US, MERRY. FLIGHT 215 TO NEW YORK.. GATE 13.
2

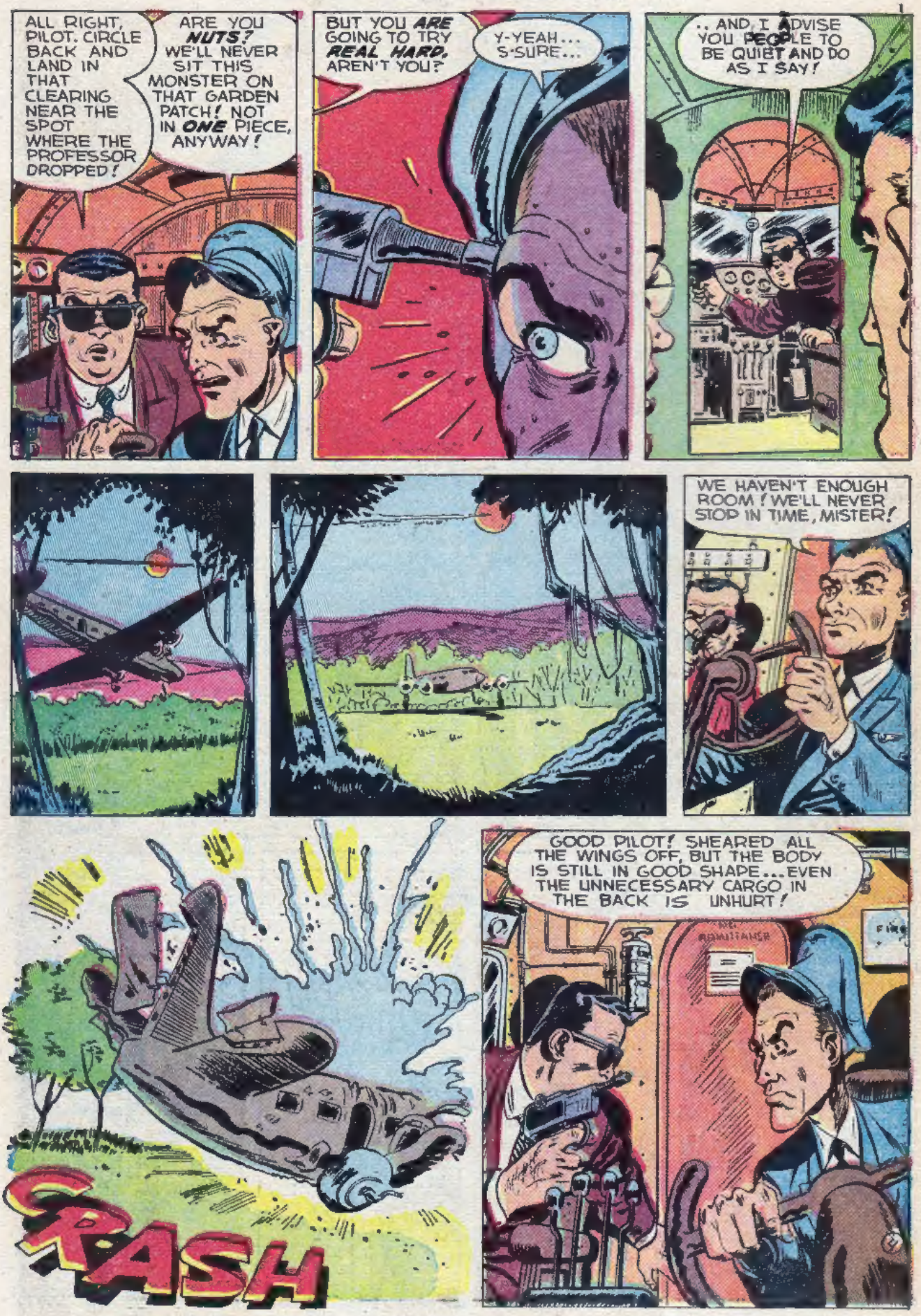
CRIME AND JUSTICE

NEXT STOP IS BELEM IN BRAZIL, MERRY. RIGHT NOW WE'RE OVER THE WORST PART OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES...THE MATTO GROSSO!
BRR...I'D HATE TO BE DOWN THERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT...:OR DAY FOR THAT MATTER!


WHATEVER IS IN THAT BLACK BAG MUST BE QUITE VALUABLE BY THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN GUARDING IT, PROFESSOR... DIAMONDS MAYBE ? GIVE IT TO ME!
NO! I WON'T! IT'S MINE IT'S...

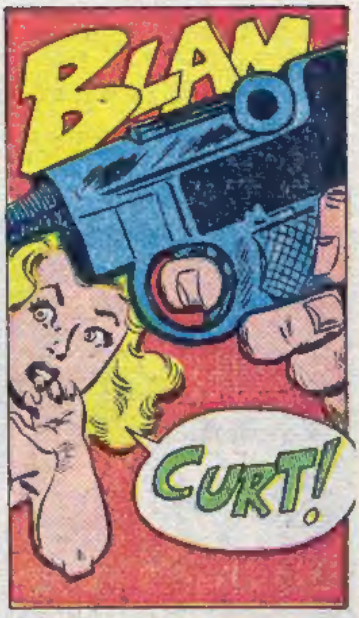


CRIME AND JUSTICE


ALL RIGHT, PILOT. CIRCLE BACK AND LAND IN THAT CLEARING NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE PROFESSOR DROPPED!
ARE YOU NUTS? WE'LL NEVER SIT THIS MONSTER ON THAT GARDEN PATCH! NOT IN ONE PIECE, ANYWAY!
BUT YOU ARE GOING TO TRY REAL HARD, AREN'T YOU?
Y-YEAH... S-SURE...
.. AND I ADVISE YOU PEOPLE TO BE QUIET AND DO AS I SAY!
WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH ROOM! WE'LL NEVER STOP IN TIME, MISTER!
CRASH
GOOD PILOT! SHEARED ALL THE WINGS OFF, BUT THE BODY IS STILL IN GOOD SHAPE... EVEN THE UNNECESSARY CARGO IN THE BACK IS UNHURT!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

RADIO THE BELEM ARMY AIR BASE AND TELL THEM TO SEND A RESCUE HELICOPTER. AND YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR LATER RESCUE SINCE I WILL BE THE ONLY ONE TO RETURN ON THE FIRST TRIP... I AND THE PROFESSOR'S LITTLE BLACK BAG!



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO ANYONE ELSE! THE PROFESSOR'S BODY ISN'T FAR FROM HERE, PILOT, SO DON'T TRY TO RADIO WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON WHILE I'M AWAY!

HEH! THE PROFESSOR DIDN'T SAY A WORD THIS TIME! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW VALUABLE THE CONTENTS OF THIS ...AH... I HEAR THE HELICOPTER. GOOD-BY, GENTLE PEOPLE...

WAIT! I MUST GET BACK TO NEW YORK, SIR! I CARRY IMPORTANT INFORMATION. I AM SURE MY COUNTRY WILL PAY WELL FOR MY SAFE PASSAGE!
THAT IS TOO BAD, YOUNG LADY... BUT I TAKE NO CHANCES!
WUMP
HEY! WHERE'S THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE? DON'T YOU PEOPLE WANT TO BE RESCUED?
SAY.. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH...
THUD
THE PILOT...HE JUST FELL..WITH A DART IN HIS BACK!
HEADHUNTERS!
WELL, HEADHUNTERS OR NO, I HAVE A MISSION TO ACCOMPLISH! WHILE YOU COWARDLY CAPITALISTS WORRY ABOUT SAVING YOUR SKINS, I WILL FLY THE HELICOPTER TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF BELEM AND HIKE TO THE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT. NO ONE WILL EVEN KNOW THAT YOU PEOPLE ARE NOT BEING RESCUED!

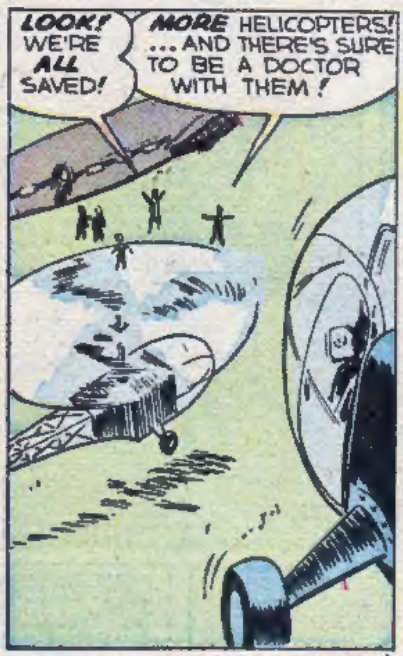
LOOK, GIRLIE! MY HUSBAND MAY DIE OF GANGRENE IF HE DOESN'T GET TO A DOCTOR...
TOO BAD! NOW... A FEW SHOTS IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE HEADHUNTERS TO SCARE THEM AWAY AND I'LL BE OFF...WITH THE PROFESSOR'S BAG AS MY REWARD!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THIS MAY NOT BE FOOTBALL, BUT...
HOW'S THIS FOR A FLYING TACKLE?
FOOTBALL? HOW DO YOU LIKE...
JUDO!
NOW, HEROINE, NOT ONLY WILL YOUR HUSBAND DIE, BUT YOU WILL ACCOMPANY HIM ON THE TRIP!

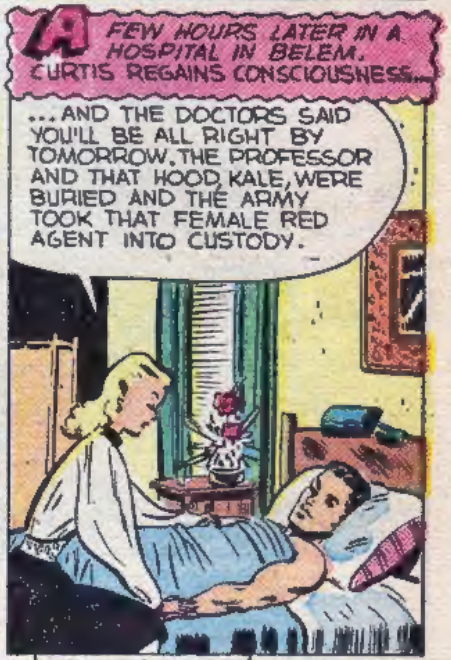
YOU JUST DON'T HAVE IT, KIDDO! YOU'RE AFRAID TO PULL THAT TRIGGER! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING FOR THAT ARMY PILOT'S .45!
STOP!

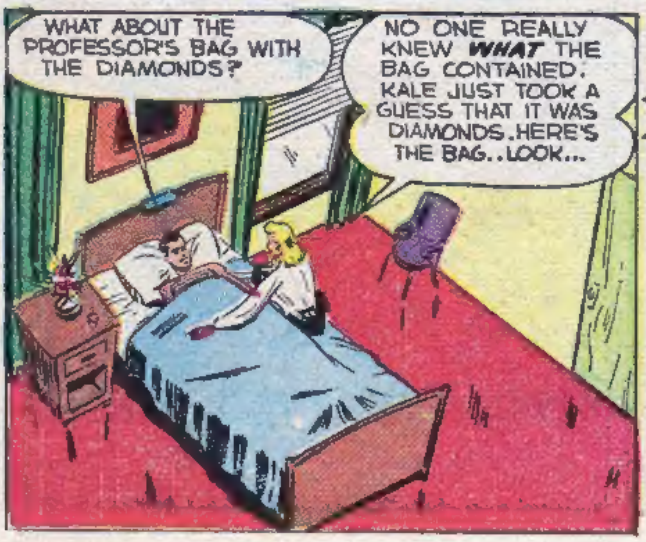
YOU.. YOU...
CLICK!

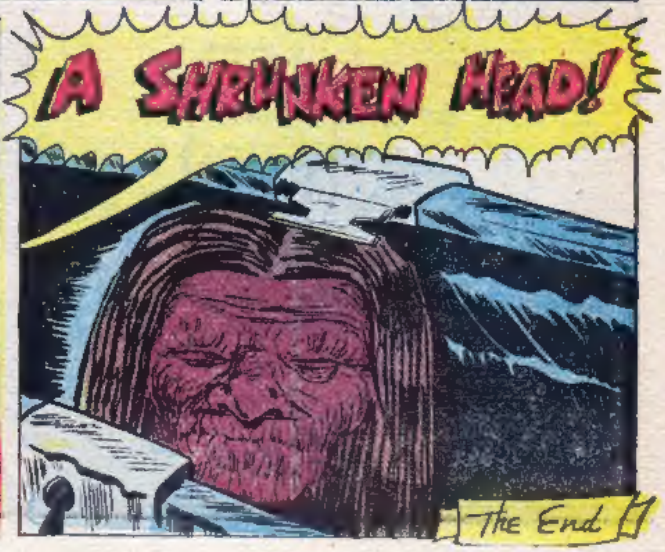
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

YOU SEE, I REMEMBERED THAT YOU FIRED THE SEVENTH ROUND FROM THAT GUN INTO THE TREES! YOUR GUN IS EMPTY.. BUT NOT THIS ONE! RAISE 'EM!


LOOK! WE'RE ALL SAVED!
MORE HELICOPTERS! ...AND THERE'S SURE TO BE A DOCTOR WITH THEM!


A FEW HOURS LATER IN A HOSPITAL IN BELEM. CURTIS REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
...AND THE DOCTORS SAID YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT BY TOMORROW. THE PROFESSOR AND THAT HOOD, KALE, WERE BURIED AND THE ARMY TOOK THAT FEMALE RED AGENT INTO CUSTODY.

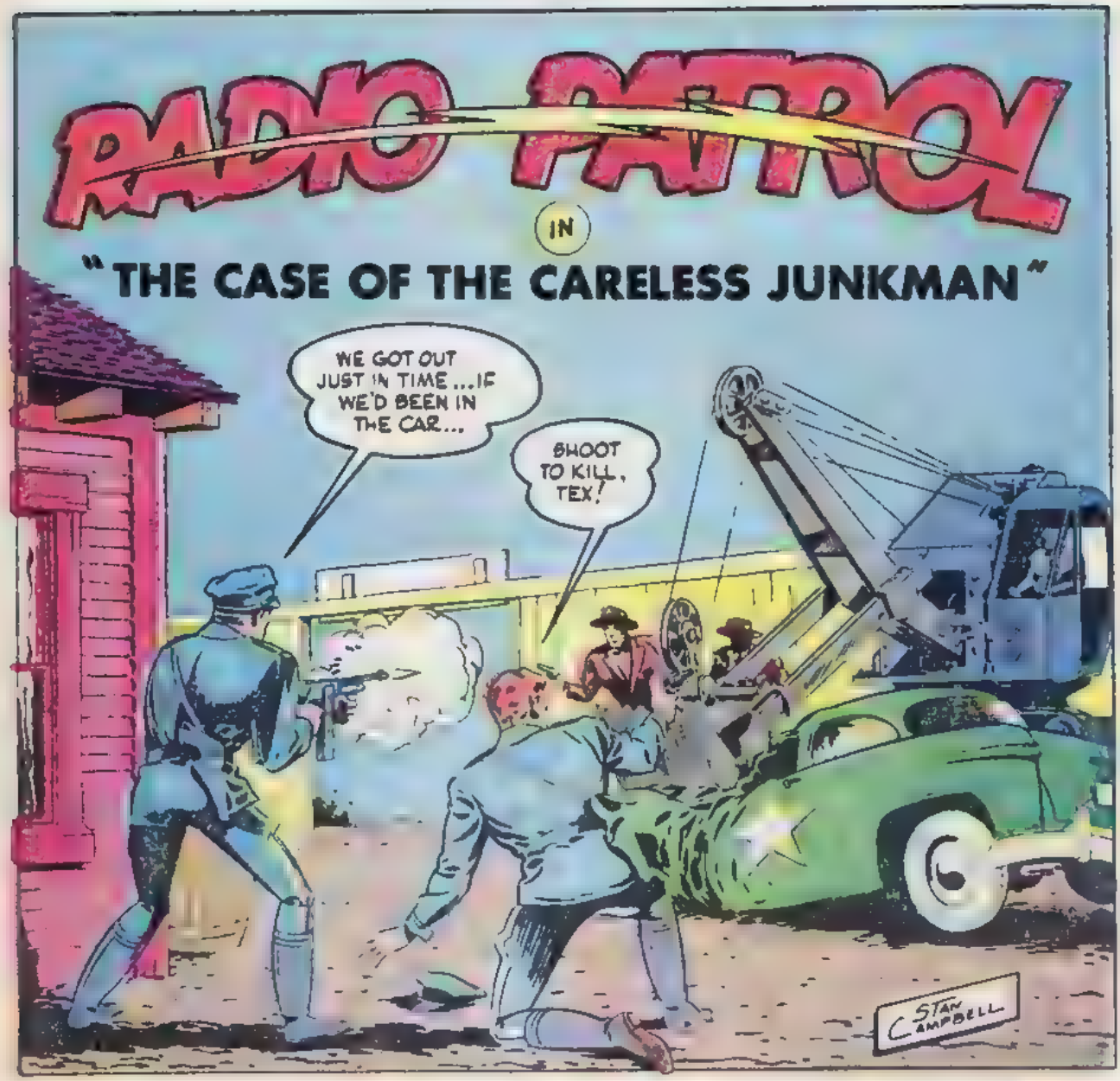

WHAT ABOUT THE PROFESSOR'S BAG WITH THE DIAMONDS?
NO ONE REALLY KNEW WHAT THE BAG CONTAINED. KALE JUST TOOK A GUESS THAT IT WAS DIAMONDS. HERE'S THE BAG.. LOOK...

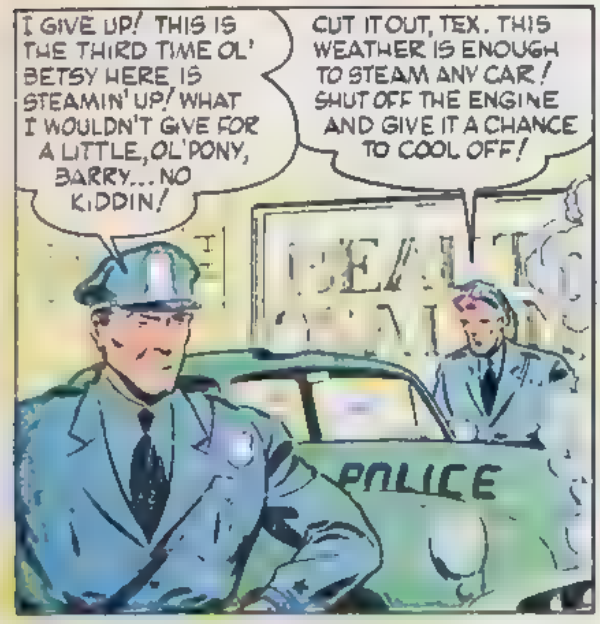

A SHRUNKEN HEAD!
The End

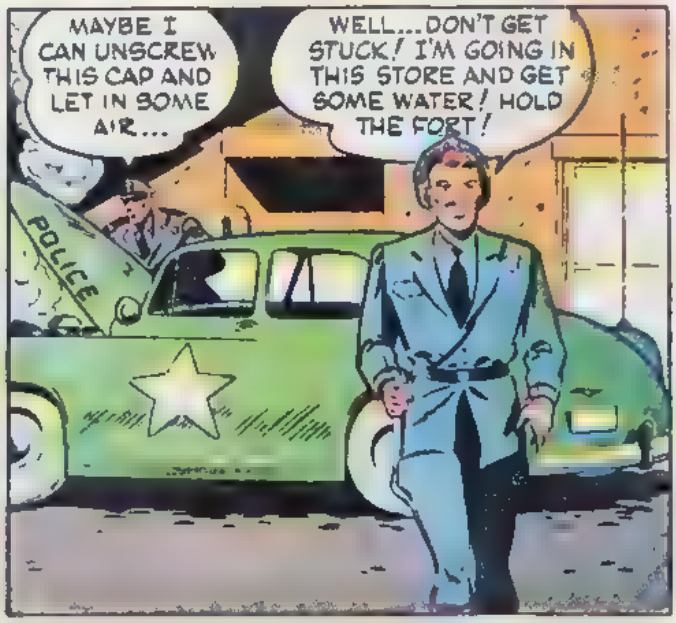
RADIO PATROL

IN

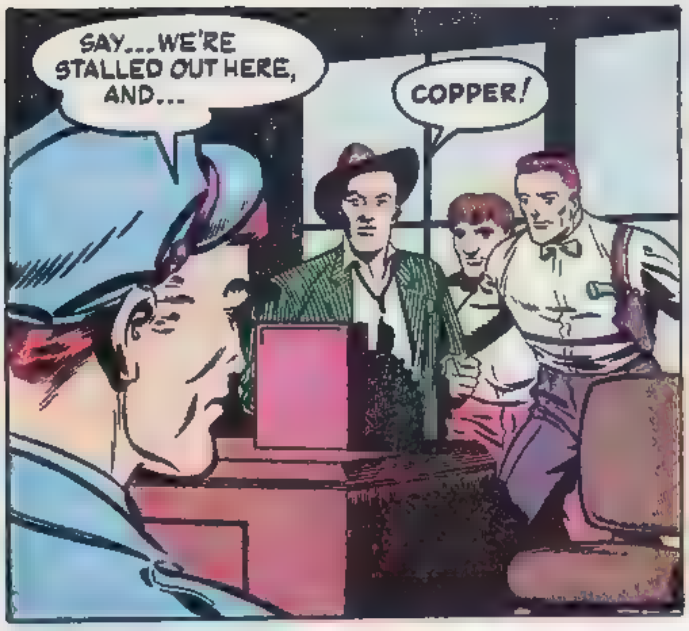
"THE CASE OF THE CARELESS JUNKMAN"



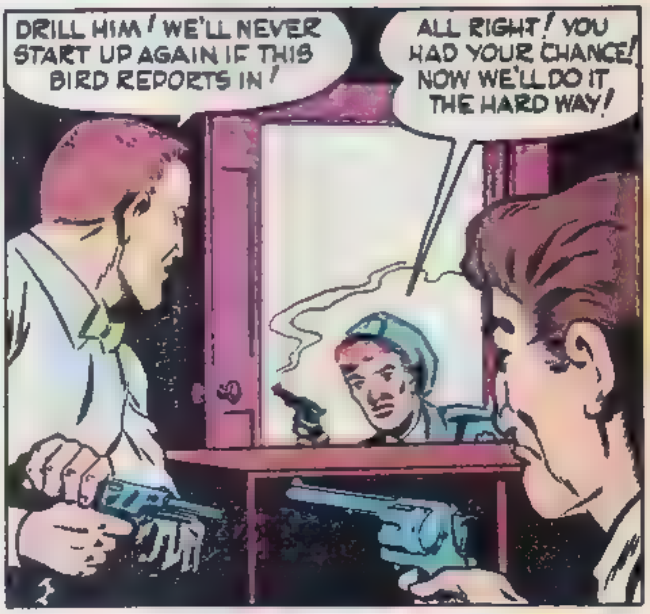

I GIVE UP! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME OL' BETSY HERE IS STEAMIN' UP! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A LITTLE, OL' PONY, BARRY... NO KIDDIN!
CUT IT OUT, TEX. THIS WEATHER IS ENOUGH TO STEAM ANY CAR! SHUT OFF THE ENGINE AND GIVE IT A CHANCE TO COOL OFF!
POLICE

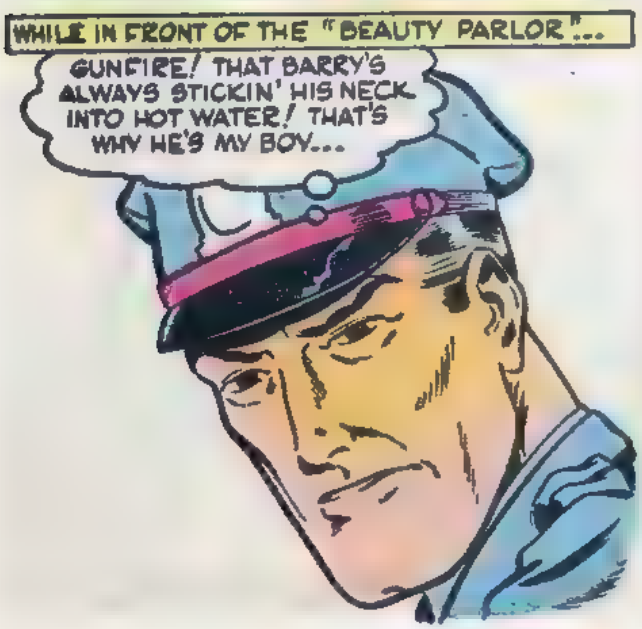

MAYBE I CAN UNSCREW THIS CAP AND LET IN SOME AIR...
WELL...DON'T GET STUCK! I'M GOING IN THIS STORE AND GET SOME WATER! HOLD THE FORT!
POLICE

CRIME AND JUSTICE

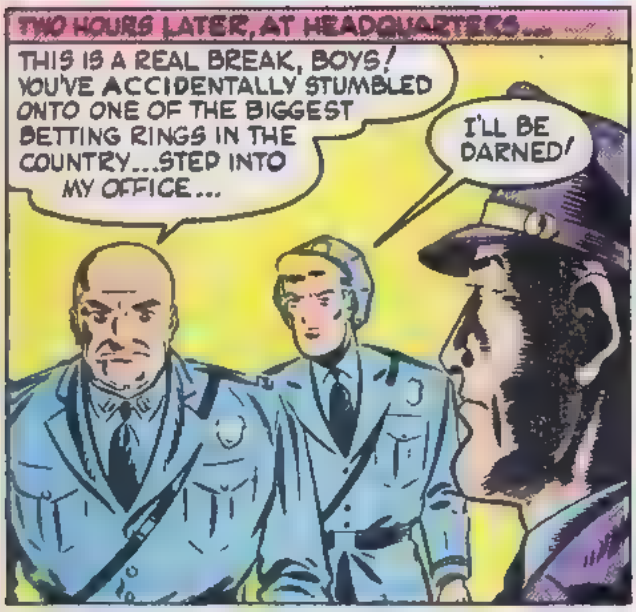


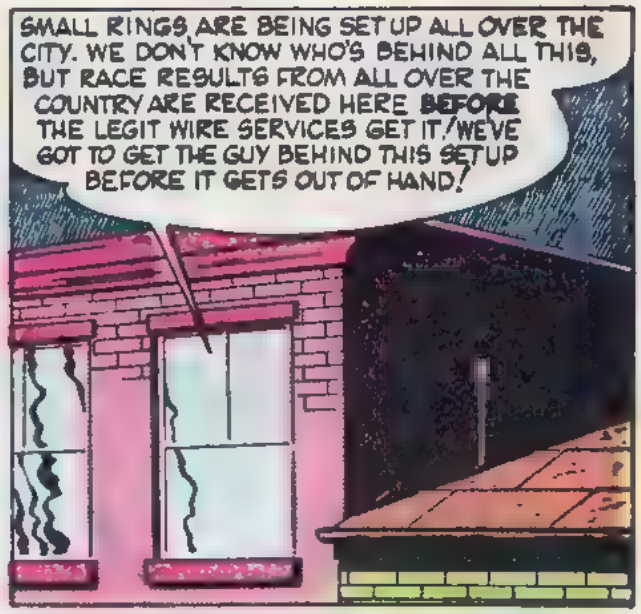
BARRY HAS HAD SURPRISES IN HIS TIME... BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS!
BUST OUTA HERE! THE BULLS ARE WISE! SHOP'S CLOSED! QUICK...
A BETTING ROOM! OKAY... HOLD IT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
CLIK!

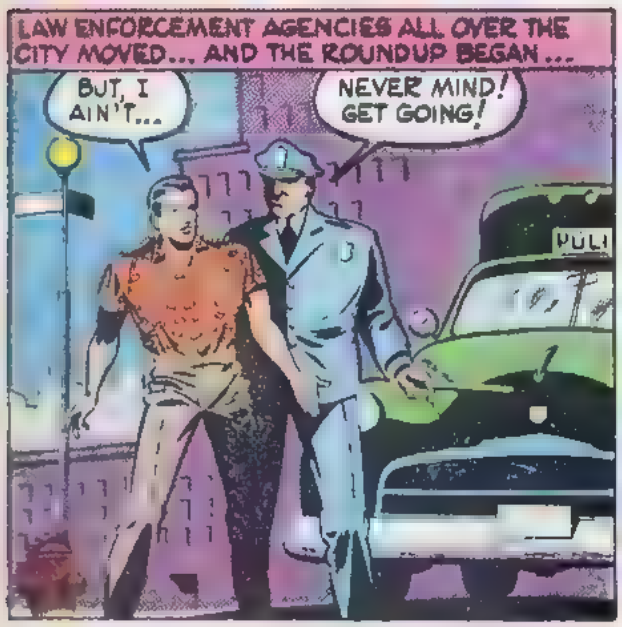


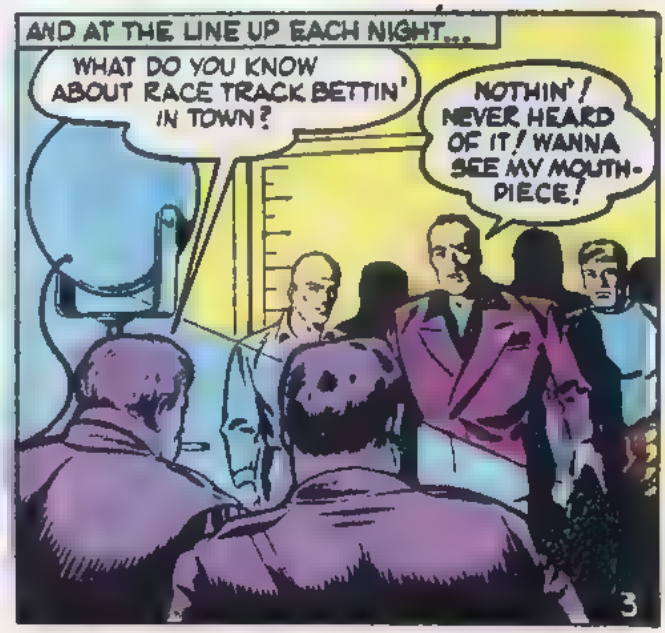


CRIME AND JUSTICE


TWO HOURS LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...
THIS IS A REAL BREAK, BOYS! YOU'VE ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLED ONTO ONE OF THE BIGGEST BETTING RINGS IN THE COUNTRY...STEP INTO MY OFFICE...
I'LL BE DARNED!


SMALL RINGS ARE BEING SET UP ALL OVER THE CITY. WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS, BUT RACE RESULTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE RECEIVED HERE BEFORE THE LEGIT WIRE SERVICES GET IT. WE'VE GOT TO GET THE GUY BEHIND THIS SETUP BEFORE IT GETS OUT OF HAND!




AND AT THE LINE UP EACH NIGHT...
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RACE TRACK BETTIN' IN TOWN?
NOTHIN'! NEVER HEARD OF IT! WANNA SEE MY MOUTH-PIECE!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

WEEKS OF INVESTIGATION FOLLOWED...WITHOUT THE SURFACE OF THE PROBLEM BEING SCRATCHED...UNTIL ONE NIGHT...
OH, OH! WHAT GIVES HERE?
THEY'RE GONNA GUN THAT GUY, BARRY!
HELP ME! THEY'RE TRYIN' TO KILL... UGH!
THEY GOT HIM! OPEN UP, TEX!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
BRRRRRRRT
DUCK, TEX!
THEY'RE RUNNING FOR IT...
AFTER 'EM! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!
YAAAAH!
HE WON'T SHOOT ANYONE AGAIN!
CRAK!
STILL BREATHING, BARRY!
LET'S GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL IN A HURRY! HE MAY LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE US THE LOWDOWN ON ALL THIS...
4
RETURNING TO THE MOBSTER'S VICTIM, THE OFFICERS FIND HIM BADLY WOUNDED, BUT STILL LIVING...

CRIME AND JUSTICE

AT THE HOSPITAL...
WHO DID THIS... AND WHY?
TRIED TO GET OUT OF... OOooH! WATCH THE JUNK... THE JUNK...
DEAD! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
I DON'T KNOW! HE KEPT ON TALKING ABOUT "THE JUNK" ...WHATEVER THAT MEANS!
OSPITAL
ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE BOYS KEEP WATCH ON A LOCAL TRACK...
SEE ANYTHING THAT LOOKS PHONY, BARRY?
NOPE! BUT THAT BETTING INFORMATION IS STILL GETTING OUT OF THESE TRACKS SOME WAY!
WHEN THAT GUY SAID "THE JUNK", I THOUGHT HE WAS TALKING DOPE...BUT WE'VE PICKED UP ALL THE PUSHERS WE COULD FIND...
THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER! WE'RE WAY OFF SOMEWHERE...WAY OFF!
UNLESS... HMMM... "THE JUNK," HUH? THOSE GUYS IN THAT TRUCK LOOK PRETTY TOUGH TO ME FOR JUST TWO JUNK DEALERS...
JUNKIES DON'T WORK IN PAIRS AS A RULE...COME ON, LET'S TALK TO 'EM...
RKING
JUNK
WE'RE JUST LOOKIN' FOR JUNK, OFFICER! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
COLLECTING JUNK...AT A RACE TRACK? GET DOWN FROM THERE...! I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR TRUCK!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN...
OWW!
HE HAD A GUN!
BAM!
COME ON OUTA THERE, BUSTER!
RADIO RECEIVER AND A TRANSMITTER! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER TO "THE JUNK", AND THE TRACK INFO, TOO!
TWO HOURS LATER, AFTER THE "JUNKMEN" HAVE TALKED, POLICE CONVERGE ON A LARGE JUNK YARD...
OKAY... THEY'VE HAD TIME TO SURROUND THE PLACE, TEX... LET'S GO...
NICK'S JUNK
WHILE INSIDE THE JUNK YARD "SHACK"...
FIVE HUNDRED GRAND IN ONE DAY! NOT BAD!
YOU IN THE SHACK... YOU'VE GOT ONE MINUTE TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
COPS!
THE TRAP DOOR... HURRY, BOYS!
6

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THEY'VE HAD TIME ENOUGH! LET'S GIVE 'EM SOME LEAD!
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK COMIN' BEHIND US! GET OUTA THE CAR, QUICK!
THEY HAD ANOTHER WAY OUT!
NO KIDDIN'!
CRASH!
I'M GONNA GET HIM IN ONE PIECE! COVER ME...
YOU'RE COVERED!
BRRRT! BRRT!
YOU DIRTY COPPER! I'LL...
YOU'LL COME ALONG LIKE A NICE BOY...
OH... I GET IT! YOU WANT TO FIGHT!
WHOP!
WELL... THAT CLEANS THIS ONE UP...
YEAH! BUT IT COULD'VE TAKEN A LOT LONGER IF OUR "JUNK DEALER" HADN'T GOTTEN CARELESS AND STARTED SHOOTIN' DOWN PEOPLE ON THE STREET
THE END

"DEATH MARKS A BULLET"

Evelyn Burdick was angry as she sat at the breakfast table and faced her husband. She poured him a second cup of coffee and buttered a slice of toast. Then she expressed her thoughts in no uncertain words.

"Your uncle went to the doctor yesterday for a physical check-up. He is in perfect health. In fact, he might even outlive us. Every time you ask him about being made a partner in the business, he shrugs it off. You gave up a good job at the gas station back home to come here."

Frank Burdick was used to his wife when she became angry. No use of reminding her that he had been fired from every job he held during the last five years. And then Uncle Leo Burdick had asked them both to come to Lentenville.

"We got a roof over our heads and money in our pockets. What more can we ask?," he replied gently to his wife. "After all, we are his only living heirs."

"That sport store of his is a gold mine," snapped back Evelyn.

"Do you realize he made more than five-hundred dollars last week? I never knew there was so much money in fishing tackle, worms, guns and bullets. Now if that store were only ours."

"It will be ours when Uncle Leo dies," pointed out Frank to his wife. "He's at least sixty-five and can't live forever."

"We could sort of help him die," replied Evelyn grimly, as she realized she would have to make things very clear to her sort of dumb husband. "I have been thinking of various ways in which we could make it look like an accident."

Slowly Frank replaced his half empty cup of coffee on the saucer. No need of asking whether or not his wife was serious about killing Uncle Leo. She meant what she said. And he knew there would be no rest until she got her way.

"You only read about those perfect crimes in stories," he half protested. "We couldn't get away with it."

"You bet we could," she retorted. "What's the matter with you? Don't you understand that every unsolved murder has to be a perfect crime? I have met Sheriff Sam Luke. He's so old and feeble he just totters along. I'll show you how easy it is to kill your Uncle Leo and make it look like an accident. At low tide, the end of the pier is forty feet above the rocks. Suppose you just weakened one of the pilings? Everyone knows how old and rickety that bridge is. In fact, you yourself heard Sheriff Sam Luke advise your uncle to have the pier fixed. By Friday of this week we should be mourning for the late Leo Burdick."

Thursday morning it was low tide. As was his habit, Uncle Leo walked to the end of the pier to check the bait boxes. He would count them to be certain none were missing. He was a bald-headed, toothless old man who always had a wide grin on his face. He limped slowly to the end of the pier. He moved some of the bait boxes, and then it happened! The last piling collapsed, and part of the pier went hurtling down. Uncle Leo found himself hanging precariously on a moving piece of timber.

"Help! Help!," he shouted vigorously at the top of his voice. "I'm falling! Save me!"

The driver of a delivery truck heard the shouts for help. He stopped his car and walked half way down the pier. Suddenly he felt the boards underneath him begin to give way. He then retreated backwards.

"Hold on," he shouted back. "I'll get the boys from the volunteer fire department. They have a life net. We'll go below on the rocks and catch you."

Five minutes later a badly shaken up Uncle Leo got out of the life net. His nephew Frank

had been to the railroad station to pick up a package and returned just in time to see the crowd.

"I warned your uncle to have that pier fixed. Must be at least thirty years old. Won't listen to me. Almost broke his neck. The old boy sure has a lot of strength in those fingers of his to hold on so long."

Uncle Leo was resting comfortably in bed. Downstairs, seated at the table, were Frank and his wife.

"It almost worked," admitted Evelyn. "Not a person suspected we had planned it. It was clever the way you forced the piling to the side. I have been thinking of an entirely different way to kill him."

"Must we?," protested Frank weakly. "Can't we let well enough alone. I'm a bit scared."

"Don't be chicken-hearted," scolded his wife. "We'll take a drive tonight, and I'll have all details worked out by that time."

There was a blood moon in the sky, as though it were an evil omen. Frank had parked his car on the side of Uplift Mountain. He lit a cigarette and his hand trembled. He knew this time he would have to kill his Uncle Leo and not fail.

"Got it all figured out," began Evelyn. "Nothing can go wrong this time. Your uncle burns all empty boxes down on the rocks. He dumps the stuff in that big empty oil drum and lights a fire. Slip about a dozen .38 cartridges in a box when you carry the stuff out to the fire. Pick a dark cloudy night, when there'll be no moon to reflect any light. Then shoot him with a .38 revolver. Use exactly four bullets. You will also have four empty shells in that can. Shoot off the gun in the woods so you'll have those four empty shells. You can't find a flaw with that idea."

Frank went over it in his mind. He couldn't find a weak spot in it. He sort of shook his head as though agreeing with his wife.

"There will be an autopsy. All it can show is the four slugs. Then the business will be mine."

"Ours," corrected his wife.

All the rowboats had been taken over to the cove, where they were kept during the night. Frank had put in a hard day. Uncle Leo was very well pleased.

"Next year I am going to buy a launch. We'll take people out to the other side of Mander's Island. Good fishing there. Business is fine. You have been a good help to me, Frank. Some day you will be a partner. Mighty soon this will be your business."

At nine-thirty there was a slight fog and no moon in the sky. Uncle Leo began to take out the empty paper boxes to burn them. Frank took four empty cartridge boxes he had been secretly saving. He placed a dozen live cartridges in the bottom box. In the top box he placed the empty shells. He walked down to the rocks and threw them into the can. It was something like a ritual when Uncle Leo would start the fire. Frank walked about three yards in back of his uncle and watched the flames lick up towards the sky. Suddenly there was an explosion. At the same time Frank came up with the revolver and aimed it directly at his uncle who turned around.

"Don't . . .," was the one and only word to escape Uncle Leo's lips. It was also his last word on this earth. Frank fired four shots in quick succession. Then he quickly ran to the side of the rocks and moved one aside. He dropped the gun down into a hole he had prepared.

"Mighty terrible thing happened to your Uncle Leo," said Sheriff Sam Luke. "Knew him for quarter of a century. Fine man with a big heart. He liked you a lot. He must have been gettin' careless, not checkin' on boxes."

"Can I go home to my wife, now?" asked Frank. "You have my statement about how the accident happened."

"Of course," replied the sheriff in a friendly manner. "If there's anything more I want, I'll see you in the morning."

Frank was nervous at the breakfast table. His hand shook so that the coffee spilled from his cup.

"Get yourself together," advised his wife. "It was a perfect job, and they will never find out."

Just then the door bell rang. Evelyn looked at her husband.

"Pull yourself together," she said. "I'll see who it is at this early time of the morning."

Sheriff Sam Luke, Dr. Howard Jones, the coroner, and a stranger entered, and the law officer began speaking at once.

"Mighty slick trick you thought you figured out to kill your Uncle Leo. Dr. Jones took out the bullets from your uncle's body. Man with me is Burt Langly, a ballistic expert from the city. You must have shot your uncle with a .38 revolver which you then hid. Under the microscope we saw the rifling marks from the gun barrel. If your Uncle Leo had been killed by exploding bullets they would have no rifling marks on them. That's where you slipped up. Bet you thought you had figured out the perfect crime."

They gave them both the chair; for, the verdict was murder in the first degree, and the jury brought in no recommendation for mercy.

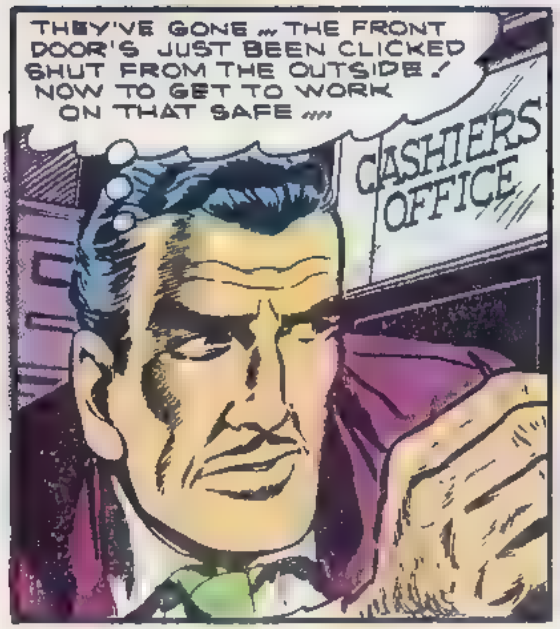
"Funny thing about how greedy people can be," remarked the sheriff to Dr. Jones after the trial. "Leo had gone to his attorney and drawn up the partnership papers as a surprise. Had Frank waited, he would have been a partner the next day."

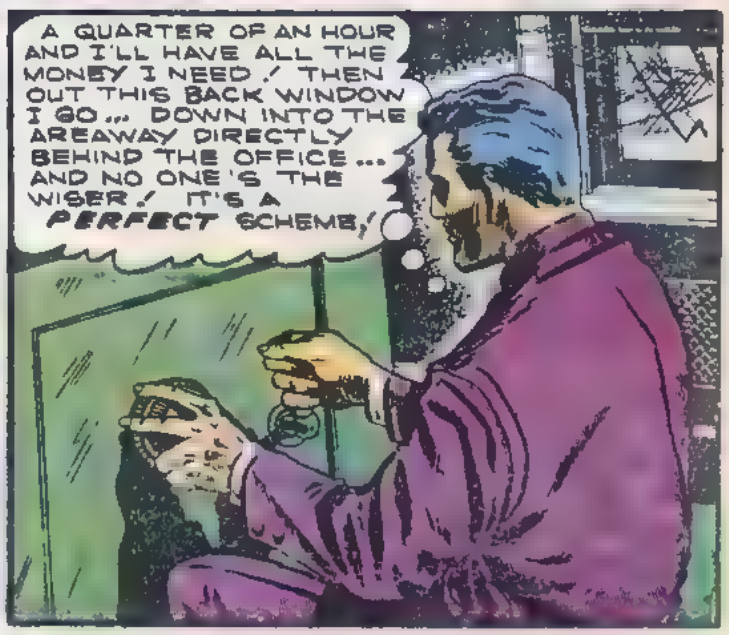
The End

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THERE WAS ALMOST $25,000 IN CASH LOCKED AWAY IN THE SAFE ... AND IT WAS MONEY ARNOLD FACTOR WANTED DESPERATELY! AS CASHIER OF THE FIRM HE INTENDED TO ROB, HE WAS IN A SPLENDID POSITION TO GET AWAY WITH THE CRIME — EXCEPT THAT HE LEFT HIMSELF WITH...

NO WAY OUT!
THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE EMPLOYEES ... FINISHED FOR THE EVENING! IN A FEW MINUTES I'LL BE ALONE HERE ... JUST ME AND THAT SAFE FULL OF DOUGH!
S&S

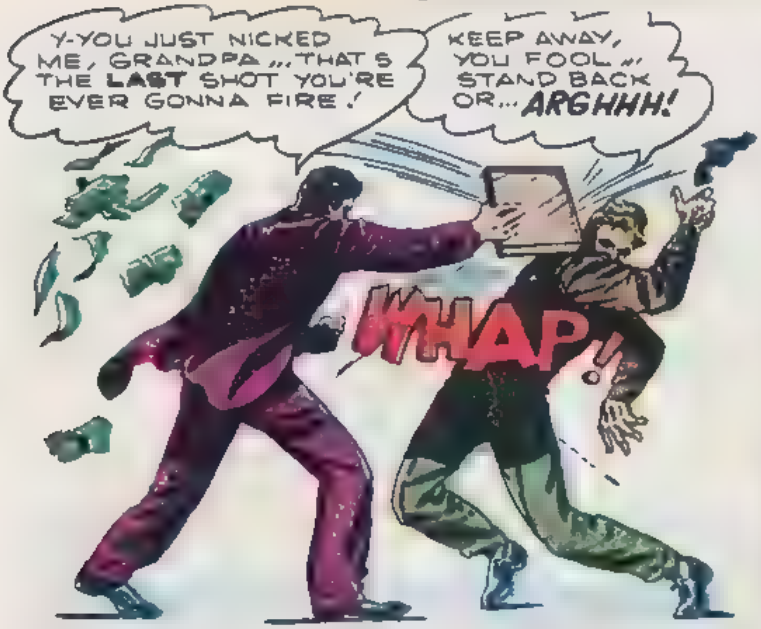



A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AND I'LL HAVE ALL THE MONEY I NEED! THEN OUT THIS BACK WINDOW I GO ... DOWN INTO THE AREAWAY DIRECTLY BEHIND THE OFFICE ... AND NO ONE'S THE WISER! IT'S A PERFECT SCHEME!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

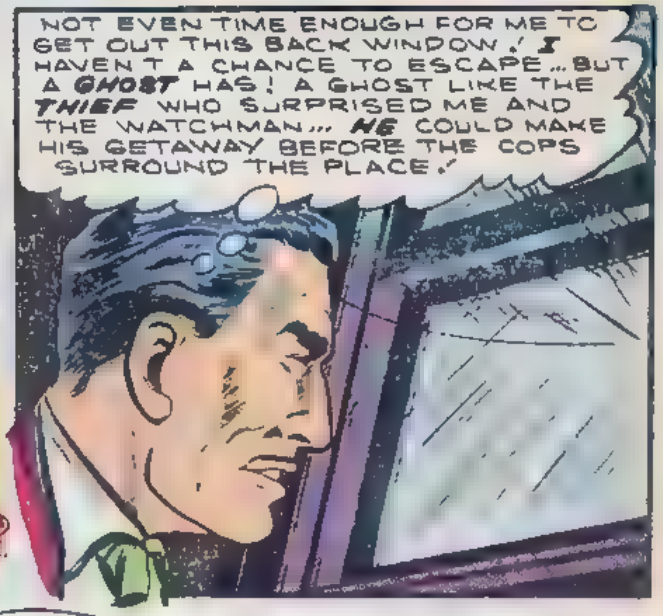
COME TO ME, YOU GLORIOUS GREEN-BACKS! $24,786.52... AND I OUGHT TO KNOW, BECAUSE I LOCKED IT UP HERE MYSELF! COME TO PAPA!
YEP, ALL HERE... ALL $25,786.52 OF IT! THIS FIRM MUST HAVE AN HONEST CASHIER... WELL, ALMOST HONEST! HO HO HO!
S-SOMEONE ELSE IS IN THE OFFICE! THEY COULD HAVE SUSPECTED ME OR... NO! T-THE NIGHT WATCHMAN... M-MUST BE HIM!
G-GOT TO MAKE MYSELF SCARCE BEFORE... TOO LATE!
WHO'S IN THERE? NO ONE'S PERMITTED TO BE IN THE OFFICES NOW... THE SAFE'S BEEN OPENED! AND YOU... YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER... THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE IS THE FRONT DOOR AND IT'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE!
YOU LOOK TOO DUMB TO MAKE A DEAL... SO I'LL HAVE TO TRY—
—THIS! NO OLD FOSSIL'S GONNA KEEP ME FROM... AIEEE!
I WARNED YUH NOT TO MAKE A MOVE... UNGHH!
BLAM!

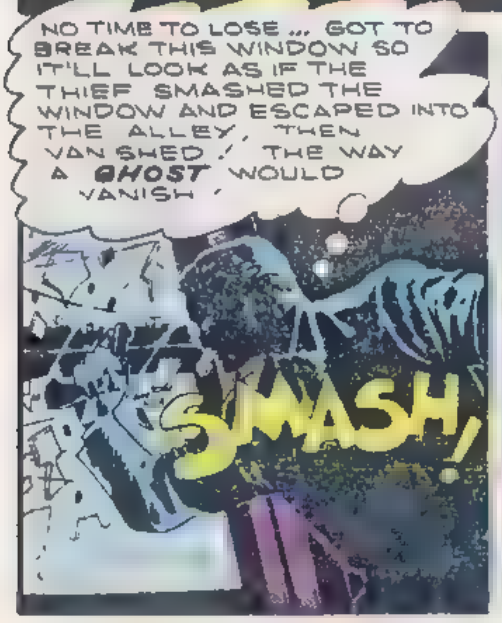
CRIME AND JUSTICE

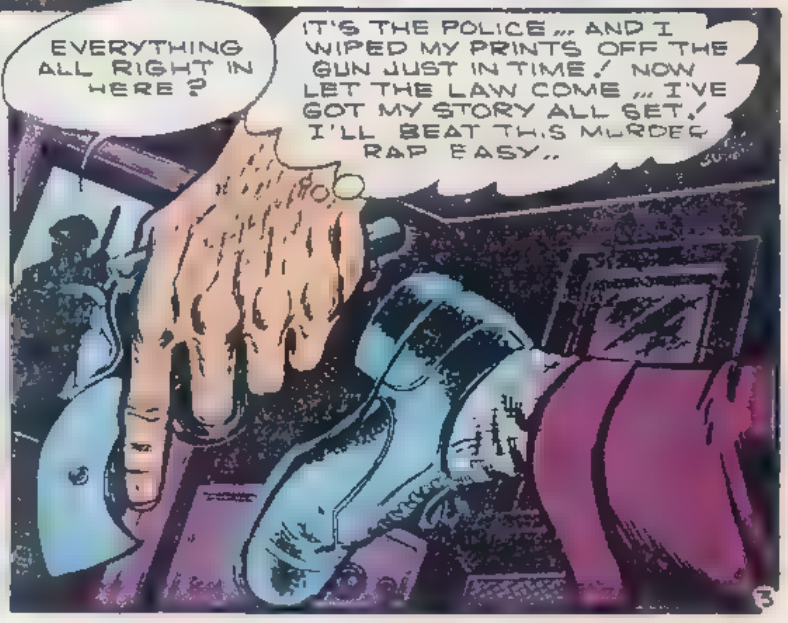


TRY TO LOUSE UP A PERFECT SCHEME, WILL YOU? IF YOU HADN'T POKED YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS, NO ONE WOULD'VE BEEN HURT! BUT NOW ... YOU'RE GONNA DIE BY YOUR OWN GUN!
NO... DON'T F!... YIII!
BLAM!

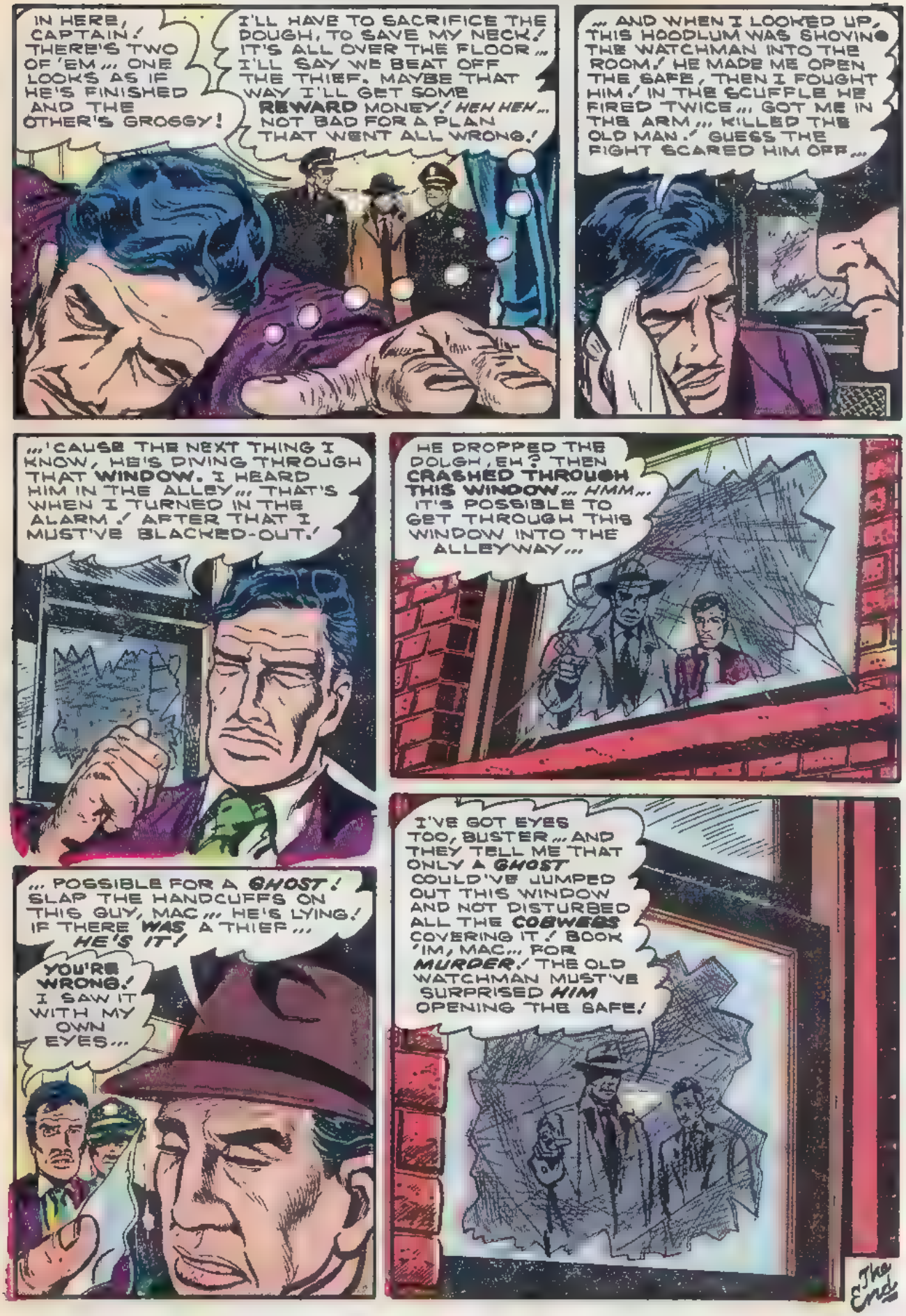
POLICE SIREN ... COMING CLOSER. THE OLD DEVIL MUST'VE TURNED IN AN ALARM THE INSTANT HE SPOTTED ME HERE IN THE OFFICE! THE FRONT DOOR'LL BE CUT OFF IN A MINUTE!
ROWWWRRRRRRRRR


NOT EVEN TIME ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET OUT THIS BACK WINDOW! I HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO ESCAPE ... BUT A GHOST HAS! A GHOST LIKE THE THIEF WHO SURPRISED ME AND THE WATCHMAN ... HE COULD MAKE HIS GETAWAY BEFORE THE COPS SURROUND THE PLACE!


NO TIME TO LOSE ... GOT TO BREAK THIS WINDOW SO IT'LL LOOK AS IF THE THIEF SMASHED THE WINDOW AND ESCAPED INTO THE ALLEY, THEN VANISHED! THE WAY A GHOST WOULD VANISH!
SMASH!


EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN HERE?
IT'S THE POLICE ... AND I WIPED MY PRINTS OFF THE GUN JUST IN TIME! NOW LET THE LAW COME ... I'VE GOT MY STORY ALL SET! I'LL BEAT THIS MURDER RAP EASY..

CRIME AND JUSTICE


IN HERE, CAPTAIN! THERE'S TWO OF 'EM ... ONE LOOKS AS IF HE'S FINISHED AND THE OTHER'S GROGGY!
I'LL HAVE TO SACRIFICE THE DOUGH, TO SAVE MY NECK! IT'S ALL OVER THE FLOOR ... I'LL SAY WE BEAT OFF THE THIEF. MAYBE THAT WAY I'LL GET SOME REWARD MONEY! HEH HEH ... NOT BAD FOR A PLAN THAT WENT ALL WRONG!
... AND WHEN I LOOKED UP, THIS HOODLUM WAS SHOVING THE WATCHMAN INTO THE ROOM! HE MADE ME OPEN THE SAFE, THEN I FOUGHT HIM! IN THE SCUFFLE HE FIRED TWICE ... GOT ME IN THE ARM ... KILLED THE OLD MAN! GUESS THE FIGHT SCARED HIM OFF ...
... 'CAUSE THE NEXT THING I KNOW, HE'S DIVING THROUGH THAT WINDOW. I HEARD HIM IN THE ALLEY ... THAT'S WHEN I TURNED IN THE ALARM! AFTER THAT I MUST'VE BLACKED-OUT!
HE DROPPED THE DOUGH, EH? THEN CRASHED THROUGH THIS WINDOW ... HMM ... IT'S POSSIBLE TO GET THROUGH THIS WINDOW INTO THE ALLEYWAY ...
... POSSIBLE FOR A GHOST! SLAP THE HANDCUFFS ON THIS GUY, MAC ... HE'S LYING! IF THERE WAS A THIEF ... HE'S IT!
YOU'RE WRONG! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES ...
I'VE GOT EYES TOO, BUSTER ... AND THEY TELL ME THAT ONLY A GHOST COULD'VE JUMPED OUT THIS WINDOW AND NOT DISTURBED ALL THE COBWEBS COVERING IT! BOOK 'IM, MAC ... FOR MURDER! THE OLD WATCHMAN MUST'VE SURPRISED HIM OPENING THE SAFE!
The End

INTERRUPTED TAKEOFF!

BLAIR HAD WORKED HARD TO MAKE A GO OF HIS "AIR CARGO, INC."*... THEN, AFTER THREE YEARS OF ROUGH GOING CAME THE BIG BREAK... THE MILLION DOLLAR A YEAR CARR CONTRACT! YES, THINGS LOOKED GOOD TO AL THE MORNING OF THE....

IF I CAN CLEAR THE TREETOPS AND MAKE IT TO THAT ROAD...

AIR CARGO

STAN CAMPBELL

* TO THE BEST OF THE AUTHOR'S KNOWLEDGE, THE NAME "AIR CARGO, INC." IS FICTITIOUS.

IN THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE OF A LARGE HOTEL IN A MIDWESTERN METROPOLIS...

IT'S A DEAL, THEN, MR. CARR?

IT'S A DEAL, AL... WITH THE RATES YOU'VE QUOTED, I CAN'T VERY WELL DO ANYTHING ELSE!

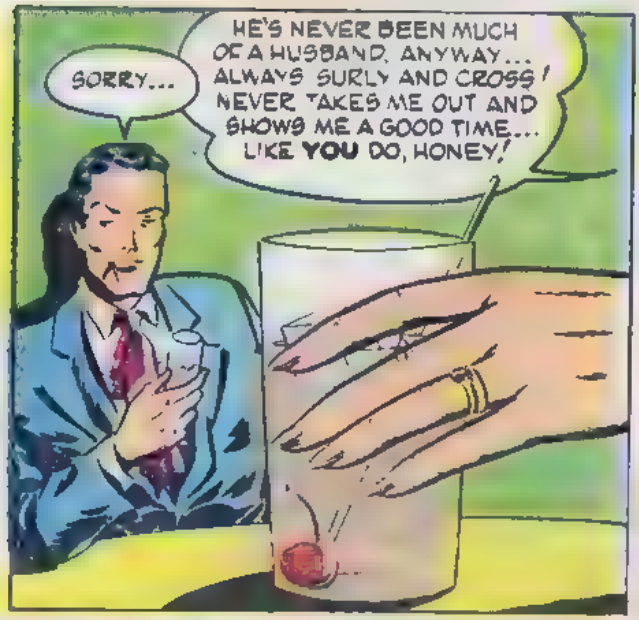
YOU'LL NOT REGRET IT, SIR! "AIR CARGO, INC." WILL GIVE YOU MORE AND BETTER SERVICE THAN YOU'VE THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

HERE'S TO IT, THEN!

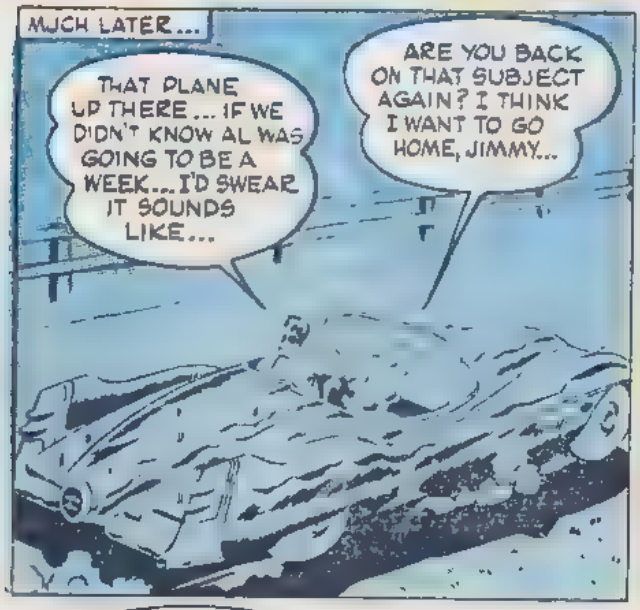
CRIME AND JUSTICE

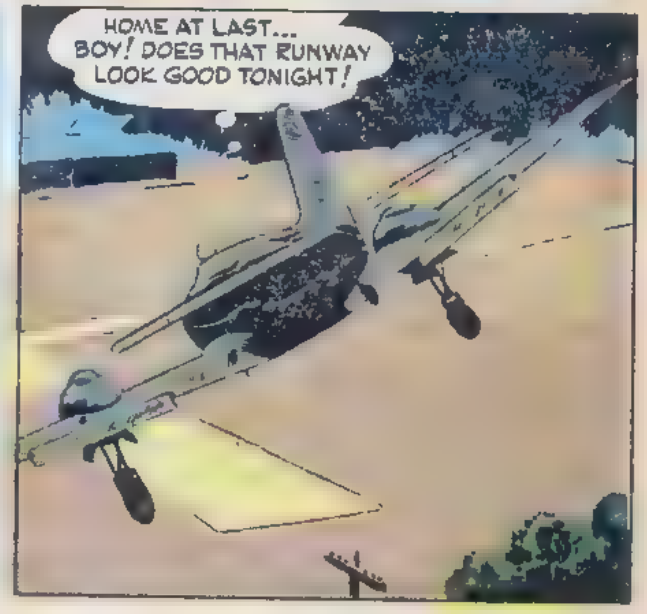
LATER, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, AL BLAIR CONGRATULATES HIMSELF ON PUTTING OVER THE AIR CARGO DEAL...
NOT BAD...NOT BAD AT ALL! WE THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE A WEEK AND NOW THE CONTRACTS WILL BE SIGNED IN A DAY AND A HALF!
THIS DEAL WILL REALLY PUT AIR CARGO, INC. IN THE BLACK NEXT YEAR ...CAN'T WAIT TO GET HOME TOMORROW AND TELL HELEN AND JIMMY...
To Al
All My Love
Helen
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT IT, MR. BLAIR... ENTIRELY THE AIRPORT'S FAULT! WE CAN HAVE IT REPLACED AND READY TO GO BY NOON...
IT'S ALL RIGHT! THESE THINGS CAN HAPPEN... I'LL BE BACK AT TWELVE SHARP!
AND BY TWELVE THIRTY...
HAVE A GOOD TRIP, MR. BLAIR!
THIS DELAY'LL PUT ME IN WELL AFTER DARK TONIGHT...
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, ON THE EAST COAST...
HERE'S TO AL... AND HIS WEEK IN CHICAGO!
MUST YOU KEEP BRINGING HIM UP, JIMMY? I'D RATHER FORGET HIM... I WISH HE'D STAY OUT THERE FOREVER!
2

CRIME AND JUSTICE


SORRY...
HE'S NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A HUSBAND, ANYWAY... ALWAYS SURLY AND CROSS! NEVER TAKES ME OUT AND SHOWS ME A GOOD TIME... LIKE YOU DO, HONEY!

THE ONLY THING HE'S EVER LOVED IS HIS BLASTED AIRPLANES AND WHEN HE GETS HOME THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO DIVORCE HIM!
GOOD! LET'S DRINK TO THAT!


MUCH LATER...
THAT PLANE UP THERE... IF WE DIDN'T KNOW AL WAS GOING TO BE A WEEK... I'D SWEAR IT SOUNDS LIKE...
ARE YOU BACK ON THAT SUBJECT AGAIN? I THINK I WANT TO GO HOME, JIMMY...



HELEN'S STILL UP... LIGHTS ALL ON... SAY, ISN'T THAT J MAN'S CAR IN THE DRIVEWAY? WHY IS HE HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT? CAN SOMETHING BE WRONG AT THE OFFICE?

CRIME AND JUSTICE

GOODNIGHT, HONEY! GLAD YOU'RE NOT SORE AT ME! SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT?
NOT TOMORROW NIGHT...
I'VE BEEN STANDING IN THE KITCHEN DOOR FOR TEN MINUTES! YOUR GOODNIGHT TO JIMMY LOOKED WELL REHEARSED!
WHY DON'T YOU USE THE GUN, AL?
YOU AREN'T WORTH IT! I CLOSED THE DEAL WITH CARR YESTERDAY. . LOSING MY TEMPER NOW COULD SPOIL EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED FOR, FOR THREE YEARS!
SO NOW YOUR AIRLINE IS GOING TO BE A SUCCESS! GOOD! THAT'S ALL YOU'VE WANTED... NOW YOU WONT MIND GIVING ME WHAT I WANT...
A DIVORCE? NO! NOT FOR A WHILE... MIGHT QUEER THINGS WITH CARR! APPEARANCES ARE IMPORTANT...
WHY YOU... LISTEN, BUSTER, I'LL MAKE A PLAY FOR CARR, HIMSELF! IF YOU THINK...
YEAH? IF YOU DO, IT'LL BE THE LAST PLAY YOU EVER MAKE FOR ANYONE!
OW!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

AND THERELL BE NO PHONE CALLS, EITHER! NOW, GET TO YOUR ROOM... AND STAY THERE!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

THAT WAS A GOOD PARTY WE HAD LAST NIGHT, AL! GOOD IDEA HAVING IT AT THE AIRPORT HERE, TOO! APPROPRIATE!

IT WAS FUN, MR. CARR! GUESS YOU STAYED OVER TO SEE YOUR FIRST CARGO RUN TODAY, HUH?

I'M TAKING THIS FIRST ONE MYSELF...

GOOD! IF I COULD STAND TO FLY I'D GO WITH YOU... WELL, GOOD LUCK!

MOMENTS LATER, BLAIR PARKS HIS PLANE AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY AND GIVES IT A ROUTINE PRE-FLIGHT RUN UP...

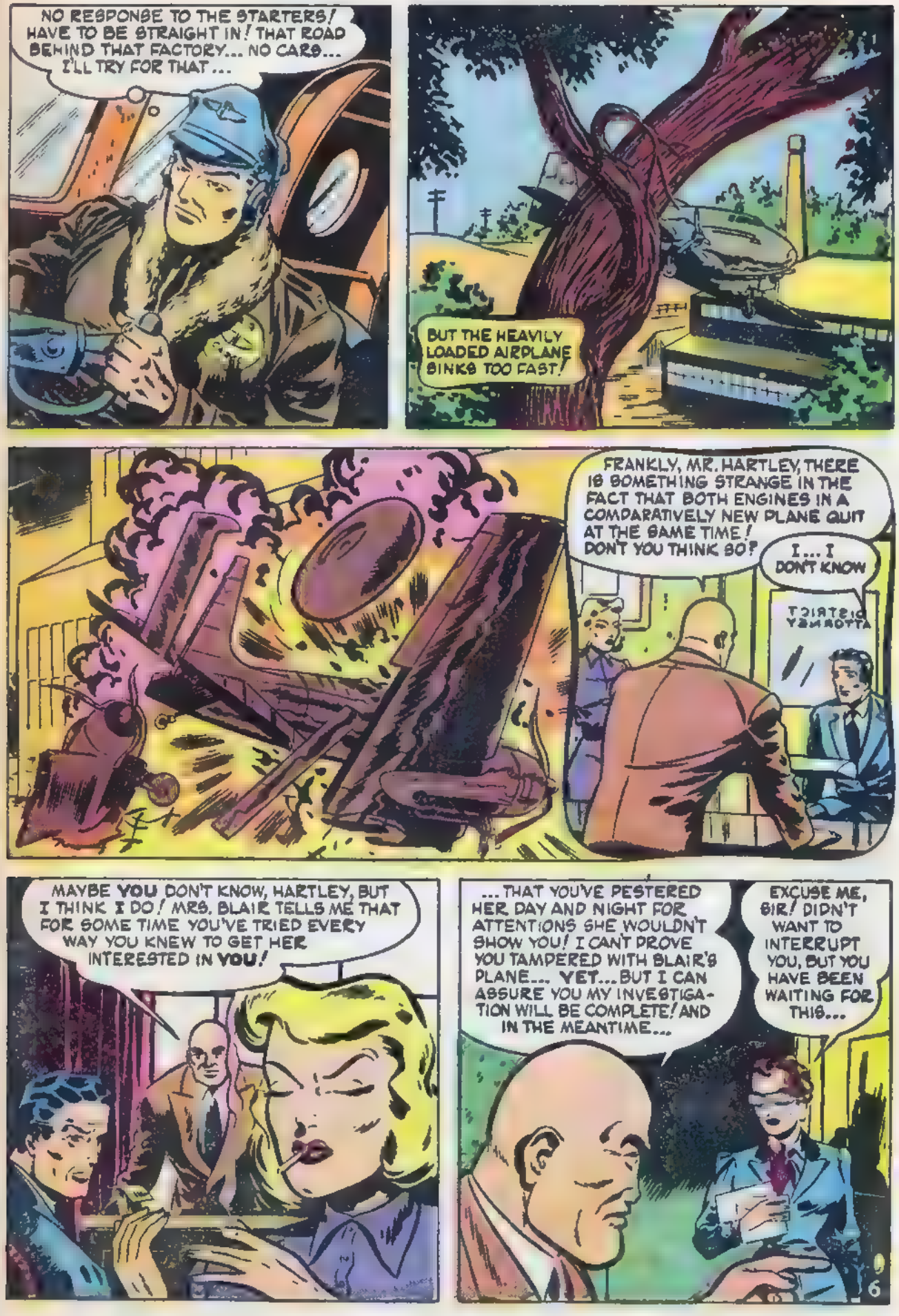
RPM AND TEMP NORMAL...TRIMMED AND PITCHED FOR TAKEOFF... INSTRUMENTS ALL NORMAL... FLAPS DOWN...

AND AFTER A THOROUGH CHECK, OPENS HIS THROTTLES TO SEND THE BIG SHIP HURTLING DOWN THE STRIP!

THERE IS A CRUCIAL MOMENT IN THE TAKE-OFF OF ANY AIRPLANE, THAT MOMENT WHEN IT IS BEYOND THE END OF THE RUNWAY WITH NO CHANCE OF COMING BACK DOWN IN CASE OF ENGINE FAILURE... ...AND WITHOUT AS YET HAVING GAINED ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO TURN AND RETURN TO THE FIELD AT THIS POINT, THE PILOT CAN DO NOTHING BUT PUT HIS PLANE DOWN INTO WHATEVER HAPPENS TO BE IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF HIM...

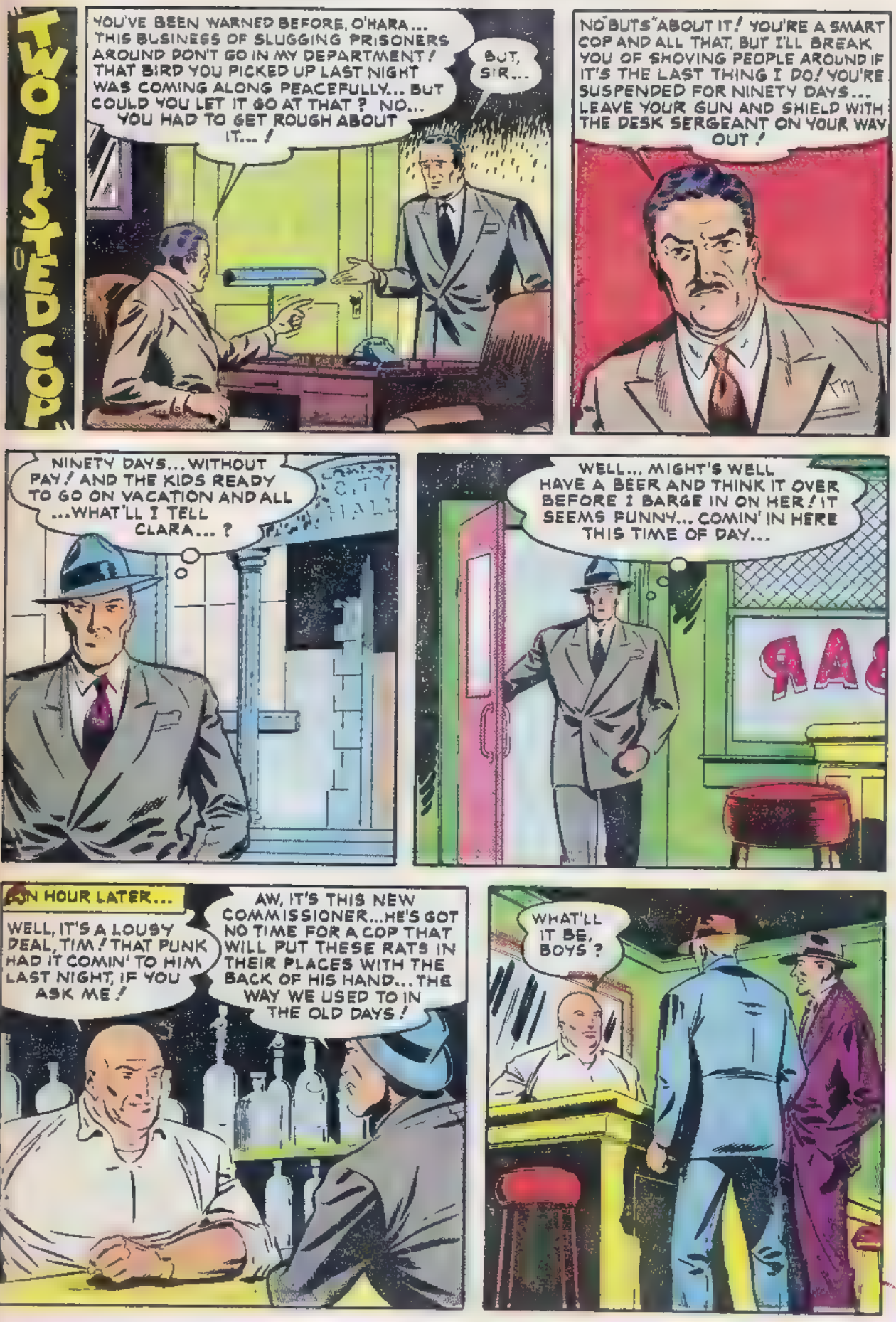
SPUT! POP!

SHE'S QUIT DEAD! BOTH MOTORS! WHAT IN THE...

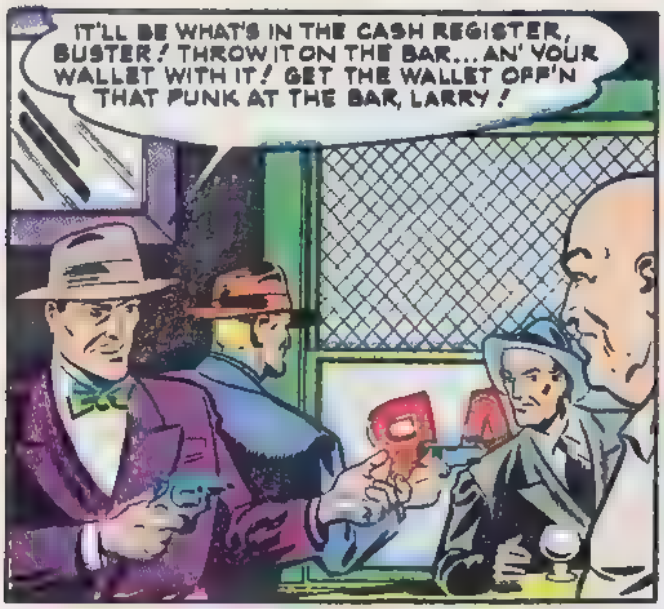

NO RESPONSE TO THE STARTERS! HAVE TO BE STRAIGHT IN! THAT ROAD BEHIND THAT FACTORY... NO CARS... I'LL TRY FOR THAT...
BUT THE HEAVILY LOADED AIRPLANE SINKS TOO FAST!
FRANKLY, MR. HARTLEY, THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE IN THE FACT THAT BOTH ENGINES IN A COMPARATIVELY NEW PLANE QUIT AT THE SAME TIME! DON'T YOU THINK SO?
I... I DON'T KNOW
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW, HARTLEY, BUT I THINK I DO! MRS. BLAIR TELLS ME THAT FOR SOME TIME YOU'VE TRIED EVERY WAY YOU KNEW TO GET HER INTERESTED IN YOU!
... THAT YOU'VE PESTERED HER DAY AND NIGHT FOR ATTENTIONS SHE WOULDN'T SHOW YOU! I CAN'T PROVE YOU TAMPERED WITH BLAIR'S PLANE... YET... BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU MY INVESTIGATION WILL BE COMPLETE! AND IN THE MEANTIME...
EXCUSE ME, SIR! DIDN'T WANT TO INTERRUPT YOU, BUT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS...

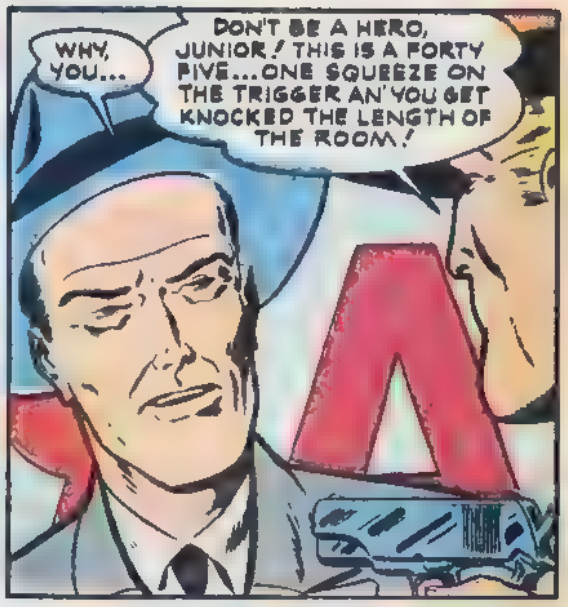
CRIME AND JUSTICE

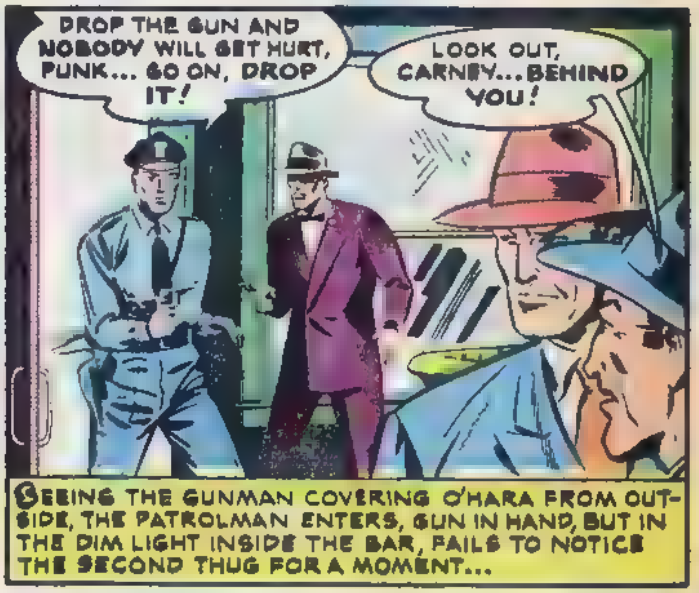
FOR SOME MOMENTS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY READS A REPORT ON THE INSPECTION OF THE AIRPLANE WRECKAGE ... AND STUDIES A TINY OBJECT FROM THE ENVELOPE BROUGHT BY HIS SECRETARY...
MRS. BLAIR ... YOU ATTENDED A PARTY AT THE AIRPORT THE OTHER NIGHT, CELEBRATING A CONTRACT YOUR HUSBAND HAD SIGNED...?
WHY.. YES, I DID...
MATTER OF FACT YOU WERE BOTH PRESENT. DID YOU, AT ANY TIME, LEAVE THE ROOM THAT NIGHT, MRS. BLAIR?
NO!
WHY, I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY THAT YOU WERE GONE NEARLY AN HOUR HELEN! I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU TO... TO DANCE WITH YOU...
WELL, MAYBE I DID GO OUTSIDE FOR A MOMENT! I DON'T SEE WHAT DIFFERENCE...
IT MAY MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE! BLAIR'S ENGINES QUIT TOGETHER BECAUSE SUGAR HAD BEEN PUT INTO HIS WING TANKS! SUGAR... IN THE GASOLINE SYSTEM OF AN ENGINE WILL CONGEAL, OR "FREEZE" THE PISTONS TO THE CYLINDER WALLS... THUS KILLING THE ENGINE WITH NO HOPE OF RE-STARTING IT UNTIL IT'S BEEN COMPLETELY CLEANED AND RE-ASSEMBLED!
UPON DISCOVERY OF THIS, MY MEN LOOKED THE TANKS OVER CAREFULLY! UNDER THE CAP OF THE LEFT WING TANK THEY FOUND THIS... IT'S A BIT OF FINGERNAIL POLISH! DO YOU THINK THAT, AFTER IT IS ANALYZED, IT WILL TURN OUT TO BE THE KIND YOU WEAR, MRS. BLAIR?
ALL RIGHT... I REMEMBERED THAT SUGAR TRICK FROM YEARS AGO, WHEN SOME KIDS PUT IT INTO THE TANKS OF ALL THE CARS PARKED IN OUR BLOCK ONE HALLOWEEN!
WHEN AL FOUND OUT I'D BEEN GOING OUT WITH JIMMY HE, WELL... MADE LIFE PRETTY MISERABLE! HE WAS GOOD AT THAT.. AND OH, THE HECK WITH IT! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
YOU MAY GO NOW, MR HARTLEY...
THE END

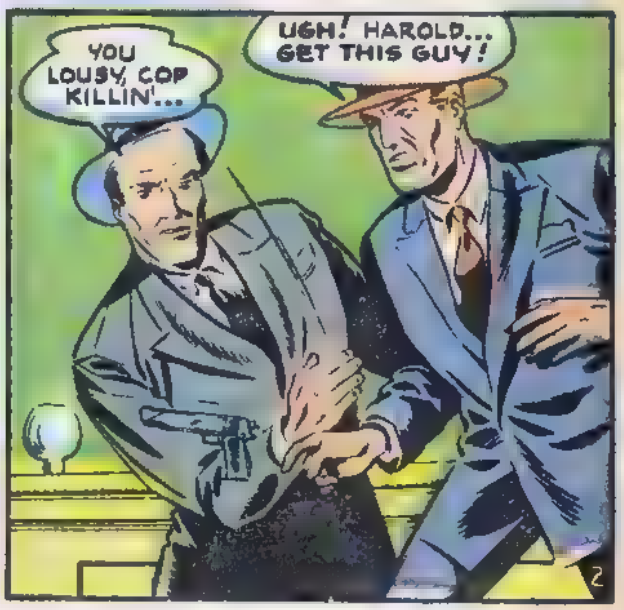

TWO FISTED COP
YOU'VE BEEN WARNED BEFORE, O'HARA... THIS BUSINESS OF SLUGGING PRISONERS AROUND DON'T GO IN MY DEPARTMENT! THAT BIRD YOU PICKED UP LAST NIGHT WAS COMING ALONG PEACEFULLY... BUT COULD YOU LET IT GO AT THAT? NO... YOU HAD TO GET ROUGH ABOUT IT...!
BUT, SIR...
NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT! YOU'RE A SMART COP AND ALL THAT, BUT I'LL BREAK YOU OF SHOVING PEOPLE AROUND IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! YOU'RE SUSPENDED FOR NINETY DAYS... LEAVE YOUR GUN AND SHIELD WITH THE DESK SERGEANT ON YOUR WAY OUT!
NINETY DAYS... WITHOUT PAY! AND THE KIDS READY TO GO ON VACATION AND ALL ...WHAT'LL I TELL CLARA...?
WELL... MIGHT'S WELL HAVE A BEER AND THINK IT OVER BEFORE I BARGE IN ON HER! IT SEEMS FUNNY... COMIN' IN HERE THIS TIME OF DAY...
AN HOUR LATER...
WELL, IT'S A LOUSY DEAL, TIM! THAT PUNK HAD IT COMIN' TO HIM LAST NIGHT, IF YOU ASK ME!
AW, IT'S THIS NEW COMMISSIONER... HE'S GOT NO TIME FOR A COP THAT WILL PUT THESE RATS IN THEIR PLACES WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND... THE WAY WE USED TO IN THE OLD DAYS!
WHAT'LL IT BE, BOYS?

CRIME AND JUSTICE


IT'LL BE WHAT'S IN THE CASH REGISTER, BUSTER! THROW IT ON THE BAR... AN' YOUR WALLET WITH IT! GET THE WALLET OFF'N THAT PUNK AT THE BAR, LARRY!




DROP THE GUN AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT, PUNK... GO ON, DROP IT!
LOOK OUT, CARNEY... BEHIND YOU!
SEEING THE GUNMAN COVERING O'HARA FROM OUTSIDE, THE PATROLMAN ENTERS, GUN IN HAND, BUT IN THE DIM LIGHT INSIDE THE BAR, FAILS TO NOTICE THE SECOND THUG FOR A MOMENT...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

NOT A BAD JOB FOR TWO OLD, FAT IRISHMEN, ED...
NOT BAD AT ALL! AND WHEN THAT NEW COMMISSIONER GETS THE REPORT ON THIS ONE, I'LL BET HE DECIDES THE FORCE CAN STILL USE A MAN WHAT CAN THROW A RIGHT CROSS! I'D SAY THIS CALLS FOR ONE ON THE HOUSE... WHAT'D YOU SAY, TIM?
THE END

FREE!

WHILE THEY LAST!

10 "HITLER HEADS"

10 Unusual Stamps Showing Evil Dictator

ALL DIFFERENT! GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO OBTAIN

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this complete, fascinating set of 10 Hitler Stamps. All different. Getting scarcer all the time. Yet they are yours **FREE**—while they last—to secure names for our mailing list.

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Dept.10-CCG, Littleton, New Hampshire

LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
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I'M IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE, PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRINGING MY NEW CAMERA!
JUMPIN' JUPITER! YOU'RE SURE SIZZLING TH' OL' ROCKET TODAY, TED!

SAY! THAT CAMERA SURE IS SUPERSONIC! YOU MUST HAVE STRUCK A URANIUM LODE!
DIDN'T COST ME A DIME - JUST GOT IT FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!
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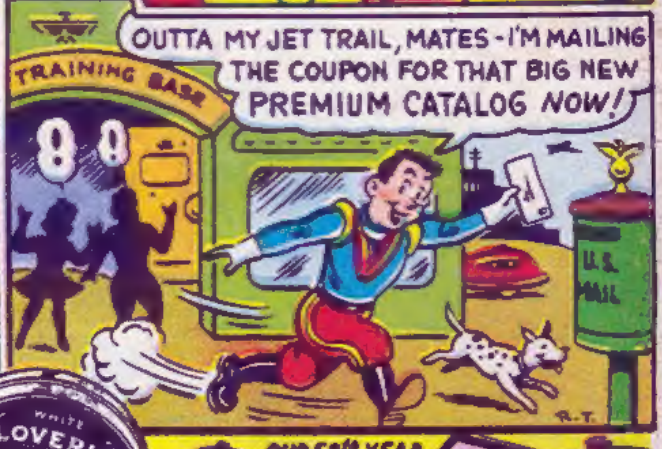

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